

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

"BE PRACTICAL"

By Frank Lemon

CAPTAIN RUSSEL FILLMORE, war ace and chief pilot for National Airlines, paced between his chair and the office window, scarcely glancing at the younger man who sat in earnest concentration before his desk.

Light struggling dimly through a dismal mist barely silhouetted his powerful frame at the window and reflected darkly from his wavy, gray-streaked hair. Ruggedly handsome, Russel Fillmore was the embodiment of worldly success. His troubled blue eyes stared vacantly toward Hangar No. 1 as the clang of hammer on metal sounded faintly from its murky depth. Across the passenger ramp loomed the bulky form of a huge trimotored transport ship. Dampness oozed about the lifeless propellers and settled depressingly on the wings. The silence of the airfield weighed heavily on the active Captain Fillmore. He was puzzled. Self-sufficient man that he was, the captain intensely disliked that which he could not understand.

Turning slowly on his heel, he sur-

veyed momentarily the angular features of the ruddy youth at his desk.

"Steve," he barked impatiently, "it isn't alone your quitting commercial aviation that puzzles me. It's the reason that you give. Five years ago you came to us wanting to fly. You have had the advantage of all of the technical facilities which we possess. You have the natural ability and the instinctive judgment that make a valuable man and a first-class pilot. You're the youngest pilot that we have—yet one of the most accomplished. You have an enviable record and a more enviable future.

"Steve, I'm pleading with you as a friend. You are among the first in the now-beginning era of science in aviation. Young as you are, your extensive education and your firm grasp of aviation theory place you far above and beyond those now working with you. The world is at your feet. Jobs like mine, positions not now even considered, will be yours for the asking in a few years—perhaps sooner than you possibly realize. The flying experience which you are getting only fur-

ther assures you of a front seat in an industry of untapped reserves."

Russel Fillmore's eyes brightened with visionary enthusiasm.

"Why, Steve, we're only scratching the surface. When we—with your kind of science—develop more efficiency and dependability, we shall fly on schedule regardless of weather. Today it takes us three days to reach New York from the Pacific Coast. Someday we'll do it in fifteen hours, ten hours—maybe even less. More than that, there will be oceans to cross and other continents to span. The future holds unlimited possibilities. And yet you tell me that you cannot stay in this vocation because it is not consistent with this new-found religion, or whatever it is, that you have accepted.

"What good is religion or this Jesus the preachers are always harping about? They always ask the impossible, and what do you get out (Turn to page 10)



COURTESY, TRANSCONTINENTAL
AND WESTERN AIRWAYS

"The Future of Flying Holds Unlimited Possibilities. We Have Only Just Scratched the Surface. And Yet You Tell Me That You Cannot Stay With Us Because of This New Religion You Have Found. Why Should That Make a Difference?"

JANUARY 21, 1941

LET'S TALK IT OVER

CAREFUL! Don't overlook the small change of happiness!

The only way to build up a bank account of real joy and satisfaction in everyday living is to invest the lesser "coins" wisely and well. A loving heavenly Father places them on the counter of time for our benefit and pleasure, but they seem so commonplace, so "little," if you please, that we often pass them without notice.

An azure-blue sky, in which full-rigged cloud ships float before a fitful breeze; the red-gold leaves that grace the maple trees; the scintillating sunbeams that toss diamonds, rubies, and emeralds beautiful beyond compare upon the quiet lake; a cardinal's "good-cheer-cheer" call; the close-clipped grass that covers the yard with a velvet carpet; a boulder-bordered fish pond in a shady nook, with streaks of gold and silver darting among the lily pads; a squirrel or two—or maybe three—playing tag among the oaks that stand like sentinels along the driveway; a restless river flowing on and on; a majestic snow-capped mountain; a road that winds away and away into the distance toward dreams come true; a quiet rain that washes away the dust from out-of-doors; the brilliant sunshine that starches and irons the freshly laundered world; snow as it falls, and snow as it lies like a soft, white mantle, making even the ugly things around us seem beautiful; a sunrise done by the Master Artist in dainty, perfectly blended pastel shades; a sunset flinging its gorgeous banners of gold and crimson and royal purple across the evening sky—these are just a few of the countless bits of "small change" that are ours for the taking.

Let's resolve to gather up all that are within our reach today!

SOMEONE has wisely dropped the thought that while happiness is not costly, it is priceless.

A little city in California squatted on each side of the highway that carried thousands of tourists through it every year, and wondered what it could do to make itself and those who passed through its main street happier. One thing was certain—whatever it did must not cost much money, for it was poor in dollars and cents.

Then a man had a happy thought and made this suggestion: "Let's plant zinnia seeds! Plant them everywhere!"

Some of the more indolent citizens laughed at the idea; but it appealed to others, and they began to plant zinnia seeds in vacant lots, in lawn beds, by the roadsides, at highway junctions, in window boxes, in business block parkways, around filling stations, before the public buildings, around the depot, along the railroad right-of-way within the city limits—wherever, in fact, there was ground fit for flowers.

Before six weeks had passed, the little city was ablaze with color—a glowing, living color. Its influence raised the morale of the people who lived there; they felt better, more cheerful and energetic. It astonished and delighted visitors, and they went their way to spread abroad the joy they had found there. Soon thousands of visitors came—just to see the blazing zinnias! Motorists, instead of dashing through the city at fifty—sixty—seventy miles an hour, now drove slowly, stopping frequently to exclaim and to admire. And incidentally, before they passed on they left many of their dollars here and there in the zinnia town, expressive of their good will.

Whoever would think of zinnias as "small change" worth adding to the bank account of happiness!

TWO summers ago I was taking a leisurely automobile trip through old New England, and noticed a sign designating New Haven, Connecticut, not only as the seat of famous Yale University, but as the "City of Elms." My "why" was answered as we drove through the streets, many of them lined on both sides with beautiful elm trees. Later I learned the reason for this show of elms, and it is an interesting story.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, when New Haven was a growing town, the city fathers decided that it was time to have a regular minister. The Reverend James Pierpont was called to the pastorate.

It was the custom in those days to "set up" a new minister, so that he might feel perfectly at home in every sense of the word. This meant to furnish him a house, a plot of ground for his garden, plenty of fuel for winter, and to fill the cellar with a store of staple food stuffs.

So after their pastor-to-be had accepted the call, the whole town was called together to plan for his "setting up." One man gave the ground

on which the home was to be built; another donated the timber; a third gave his services in taking the timber to the mill to be cut up into beams and boards; many gave services as carpenters, masons, bricklayers, and so on; others did their part by giving grain, flour, and vegetables.

But there was one man who was in such desperately poor circumstances that it seemed he had nothing to give—not even time and strength, for he was in ill-health. Greatly distressed, he considered his resources and his possibilities seriously.

"This home needs something more than is here," he said to himself as he looked over the "setup." "In front it is bare and cold-looking.

So he went out into the woods, and with the help of his son carefully dug up two young elm trees, and set them out in the yard.

His fellow churchmen smiled tolerantly when they observed what he had done. But as months passed and they saw how tall and vigorous and strong those elm trees were growing, they began to remark to one another that maybe they were not such a foolish adornment to the parsonage, after all. At the end of two years they said seriously:

"Yes, those two elm trees have certainly improved the appearance of our pastor's home. They are commencing to give fine shade now, and he gets a great deal of comfort as he sits under them on hot days. Why not plant trees in *our* yards, too?"

So they began to plant elms, not only in their front yards, but bordering the streets. As the idea grew, nearly everybody in the town caught the spirit.

Then strangers began to talk about the beautiful streets of New Haven and their wonderful elms. This pleased the citizens, and as new streets were laid out to keep pace with the growth of the city, elms were placed back of the sidewalks or paths.

And so New Haven became the "City of Elms" just because one man did the little thing he could to add to his pastor's comfort and pleasure.

CAREFUL, friend o' mine! Don't overlook the small change of happiness! It lies all about you on the counter of time—which is every passing day.

Lora E. Clement

The Faith of the Ibo

By A. C. VINE

THE Ibo every day and all day meets forces over which he has no control—the thunder and lightning, the hurricane, the scorching sun, the pests on the plantations, the lusts of his neighbor, sickness, and death. The Ibo, in his quest for peace and plenty, makes him gods of these powers of darkness. He believes in God, the great Creator. But the thought that this God can love men has never been entertained by him, because he has a sense of his own unworthiness to have any contact with so great and powerful a being. He thinks, whenever he is brought to give the subject any thought, that God made the world and set men in it to do the best they can, and then withdrew Himself *n'elu-igwe* (above the heaven) and left them to the mercies of those powers of whose existence they see most evidence.

A great missionary hymn says of heathen lands, "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile;" but I submit that in the deltaland of West Africa's famous Niger not even the prospect pleases. True, in some places the leafy tunnel of the motor road through the forest is beautiful, but such places are few and far between. Generally speaking, the prospect in this part of the world is almost as unsavory as men's lives.

The people are farmers. They often have to walk miles through the forests to their plantations. The path

is always narrow, and leads through filthy swamps, and forests in which one has an eerie sense of being watched by some "unknown." There are snakes, the deadly green viperine and the black mamba; there are flies, the sleeping-sickness-inflicting tsetse, and the tumbu; mosquitoes, anopheles and stegomyia, which give men malaria and yellow fever, respectively; there is the fierce sun which sometimes knocks a man down without warning; and there is the tough undergrowth to wrestle with and clear away in the making of a plantation. Sometimes a man goes to farm, and never comes back. When he is sought, only his body is found, his head having been taken by head-hunters whose chief has just died and must needs be buried with several heads, that his position in the spirit world may not be a mean one because he lacks attendants. Sometimes when a man returns to his home from cutting palm fruit, he finds that another man has run off with his wife, or that his favorite daughter is laid low with pneumonia. Or perhaps it is a happier home-coming. Maybe it is to a good meal and the joyful anticipation of tomorrow's wrestling match, or the drinking feast at the village council—he loves his club and his palm wine.

Whatever it is that he finds at home or plans to do, or wherever he plans to go, the Ibo has to bear in mind that certain forces will be met and must be conciliated, or begged for help in one way or another. If he is going to work at palm cutting or farming, he wears round his neck a fetish the resident spirit of which affords him protection from the dangers mentioned above. If he is an entrant in the ever-popular wrestling match, think you that he can go trusting solely in his own prowess? No, he first visits the witch doctor and procures



These Fetishes Were Gladly Given Up by Former Heathen. Now Members of the Church, and Faithful Christians

a charm against his opponents. The more he can pay, the more powerful charm can be supplied. If he throws his opponents all, he thanks his juju; if he loses, he believes it is because his opponents were able to pay more and procure more powerful charms than his own. If he is planning a course of lechery, he goes to his *dibia* (juju priest) and obtains a "medicine" which will cause his advances to be favorably received whensoever and to whomsoever he makes them. If he is going to market, he wears a juju purse belt, from which a thief would shrink to steal.

Almost anything can act as a juju to the Ibo; an old bicycle tire filled by the *dibia* with all sorts of concoctions is greatly esteemed by the wrestlers. Finger rings of twisted bronze wire, old keys as pendants, parrots' tail feathers, monkey skulls—anything over which the *dibia* can be persuaded to say his incantations—may be used as fetishes. And it is safe to say that every Ibo man, woman, and child has some juju, charm, or fetish in which he places his faith for help. In almost every compound is a tree spattered with sacrificial blood and bestuck with chicken feathers. This protects the compound from thunderstorms, or sickness, or death.

And so on ad infinitum.

The soul of man is the Ibo's god. When an influential man dies, he becomes a god whose former life as a man determines whether he will be a malignant or a benevolent spirit. Some spirits are supposed to make their abode in the forests, and one may often see in the bush a grove under the huge trees, with one grand tree in the midst having a little hut on the ground among the spreading roots. In this hut are to be found



The House of the River God at Degema. Mangroves Are Growing in the Background

This Juju House Standing in a Grove Challenges the Passer-by

PHOTOS BY AUTHOR

scraps of cloth, bowls of food, a stool, or perhaps a model canoe and paddle, maybe the skull of a monkey or some other animal, often human skulls and leg bones. Other spirits live in the mangroves bordering the creek fishing grounds. In honor of such, little juju huts are erected in midstream, and various sacrifices are placed inside. These are offered so that the god may send fish to the net, and wither the hands of anybody who comes to steal the fish.

Everywhere and in all manner of unexpected places are jujus and charms, which shows how sincerely the Ibo believes his beliefs. Yet he is not happy—how can he be, with such fears as are indicated by his multitudinous gods? All the world knows that happiness comes only to those who are able to rest in the arms of God, the great Creator, knowing that He loves them. When He cannot be trusted for everything, real satisfaction and lasting happiness cannot exist in the heart of man.

Perhaps you smile at these beliefs and gods of the West African. Did you smile when you read about the *lares* and the penates of ancient Rome, the household gods which have lived

on till this day, and are still to be found in our own houses in the shape of china ornaments on the mantel shelves, horseshoes over the doors, and so on? Do you really smile comfortably when you recall superstitions about black cats, walking under ladders, spilled salt, the witchwoods of Scotland, the fakir's bed of nails, the illiterate Mohammedan's worshiped Koran; and so on, *ad infinitum et ad absurdum*?

To come to these people and laugh at their gods, and to show cause why they *may* be laughed at, and yet not give them something better, something more real, on which to pin their faith, is to hurt their self-respect, to destroy their capacity for faith, and to strip them of the restraints which make it possible to live among them. It is cruel to tear them from their drifting rafts of faith and plunge them into the dangerous waters of "no belief."

"Why not leave them in their original state?" How can we—we who know God, who has done so much for us? I feel indignant when it is suggested that Africans have no right to expect us to give to help them to rise about their heathen state.

In the first place, "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." The white man owes his superior standing in life to the abundance of the mercies of God, and a knowledge and appreciation of His love for man.

Secondly, we must remember that white men, in their greed of gain, have shamelessly and ruthlessly exploited the Africans. Our finest household furniture is made of mahogany, some of our best soaps are made with palm oil, much of our gold, silver, tin, and diamonds comes from Africa. But the Africans are not much richer for that.

And most important of all, the African knows his need of God. He has seen a few men who know God, and desires to know Him, too. He responds wholeheartedly to the tender appeal of the gospel of Christ, which is "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth." Africans make earnest, loyal Christians, and because they do, it is safe for white men to live among them today, to trade, to explore, or to teach, or preach.

Recently we saw three hundred Ibo men and women (*Turn to page 13*)



"Do Good... Hoping for Nothing Again"

By F. S. Hartwell

could carry bundles and so be of some use to someone.

It was only a few steps to the middle of the street, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was there, asking if I could be of any service. With a sigh of relief, she began to unload. I wondered how she had managed to hold on to all of them.

She said, "I live right over there," and started to lead the way.

As soon as we entered the house I stacked up the packages on a table, took it for granted that I was no longer wanted, and was leaving to continue with my canvassing, when the little old woman, who had gone into the dining room to talk to members of the family, called, and I went back to find out what was wanted.

She thanked me and inquired what my business was. So I explained that I was a colporteur, and had a book that was especially valuable in helping one understand the prophecies of the Bible, but that I had called only a few minutes before at this same house, and the people had decided that they did not care for one of my books.

She said, "I want you to come in and let me see it."

So I went back and made it as easy as I could for her to say no, as I did

not desire pay for carrying her bundles. But she insisted that she wanted one, and, of course, I took the order.

From then until noon I kept on taking orders. I cannot recall how many, but business was good—things were different. What made the difference? I could not understand. Could it have been the pleasure I got out of helping someone that made a change in me?

Another time, some years later, when, I am sorry to say, I was quite discouraged and backslidden, I had gone to California. While in the city of — I attended church one Sabbath. I hardly know why, because I had it almost settled in my mind that there was no hope for me.

Anyway, I kept my eyes on the local elder who spoke that day, and while I was not comprehending much of the study, I *was* getting to like the speaker. I felt sure that he was one hundred per cent honest. He had a pleasant and yet very sincere way about him. I was, however, convinced that he had not been long in the truth of the third angel's message, and I felt a real, longing desire to help him.

To shorten the story: when I came out of the church, he shook hands with me, and I quietly asked him if he could give a (*Turn to page 12*)

ONE could hardly see her, but back of all that assortment of bundles and packages was a little old woman. The trolley car had just stopped to let her off when I saw her, and at once decided to assist her.

It happened like this: I was doing colporteur work in the city of —, and that morning, as I called at home after home, it seemed impossible to make any headway. I was not taking any orders. Of course, I kept at it, thinking that at the next house it would be different. Nine o'clock passed—and ten—and eleven. It was the same—no orders. What could be the matter? Apparently I had lost the combination. Just then a trolley stopped, and a woman with the large collection of bundles stepped off.

One can think so much faster than he can talk, and quickly the idea came to me that if I could not canvass, I

Farsighted Folk

PEOPLE WITH A PURPOSE

By WILLIAM B. DIMOND



Abraham Lincoln Looked Ahead, Planned Ahead, Unselfishly Serving His Fellow Men, and Became the Great Emancipator

"There he tried out every piece of apparatus he could lay his hands on, until, at eighteen, he had worked out the basic concept of a system of television, virtually as it stands today."

On account of his father's death and of the family's lack of money, Phil had to go to work. He took a job in Salt Lake City with George Everson, director of fundraising campaigns for communities and social

organizations. Catching Phil's enthusiasm, however, his employer became interested in the television, and not only took the young man to San Francisco, but supplied funds for his experiments.

While in San Francisco, Phil had an opportunity to meet two scientists to whom he described his theories and showed his blueprints and models. After four hours of explanation, one said, "It's monstrous—the daring of that boy's intellect." The other said, "The boy's theories are not only scientifically sound; they are startlingly original and staggering in their implications." Upon the advice of these experts, one of whom was a patent attorney and a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Phil applied for patents and secured them.

At this time (1926) others working on television were using mechanical whirling disks to scan the image. Phil claimed that a satisfactory image could be made only by flying electrons, moving with the speed of light.

"To build a laboratory model of this system Farnsworth had to invent his own tools as he went along. He had to learn such intricate subjects and skills as electrochemistry, metallurgy, optics, photography, and glass blowing. The cathode-ray tube on which was received the first successful electronic television image in the world was made with his own hands—and twenty-year-old hands at that."

With the aid of George Everson, who found financial backers, Phil

went on with his laboratory work in San Francisco and after 1930 in Philadelphia. Later the Farnsworth Company was organized, and television is now an accomplished fact.

One day an English boy lying in an orchard saw an apple fall to the ground. Most boys would have paid no attention to such a common occurrence—except, perhaps, to eat the apple—but this lad was a thorough student, and he fell to wondering why it was that the stem broke and the apple fell to the ground. As a final result of that study he discovered the law of gravitation and became one of the world's greatest scientists—Sir Isaac Newton.

In the early 1830's a tall young man took a trip down the Mississippi River in a flatboat. While he was in New Orleans his attention was attracted to a slave auction. The sight of a young Negro woman put up on a block and sold to the highest bidder filled him with indignation, and he is said to have resolved, "If I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I will hit it hard." About thirty years later, while occupying the White House, Honest Abe signed the Emancipation Proclamation, which set three million slaves free. Abraham Lincoln was a man of vision, but he gave full credit to his mother for his success in life. "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my sainted mother." We are told that she persuaded him to promise not to smoke, drink liquor, swear, or tell a lie. "I'll study and get ready, and maybe my chance will come," is another saying attributed to Lincoln. His chance came *when he had studied and was ready*.

In the early part of the last century a young Quaker woman, Elizabeth Fry, was stirred by the conditions in the women's department of Newgate prison in England. Prompted, no doubt, by Him who had "compassion on the multitude," she resolved to do something to improve the lot of the prisoners.

To begin her work she went to the turnkeys, and after much objection, was reluctantly admitted to the prison yard. The turnkeys feared she would be roughly handled and were surprised when she was not harmed.

NUMEROUS articles concerning the wonders of television have recently appeared in print. Men have been working for years on the idea, but according to one writer at least, the success of television is due largely to the active brain and persistent efforts of a farsighted farm boy named Philo J. Farnsworth.

On his father's farm in Idaho "Phil the Inventor" early showed mechanical ability, and at the age of twelve he was his father's "chief engineer." The farm was fifty miles from a railroad, but it boasted a home electric-lighting plant, power hoists for lifting hay into the barn, and other mechanical devices.

One of Phil's boyhood accomplishments was winding an armature for an electric motor—not an easy task, even for an older person. Also, he made scale models of a locomotive, an airplane, and an automobile.

To satisfy his thirst for knowledge, he bought an electrical encyclopedia of ten volumes on the installment plan. To attend high school he rode four miles on horseback. He made rapid advancement, especially in chemistry. The family was poor, and Phil earned money for his first long-trousers suit by inventing a thief-proof magnetic auto lock, which won a prize of twenty-five dollars offered by an electrical magazine.

Phil's studies at high school were interrupted when the family moved to Utah, but he took special extension courses, and soon entered Brigham Young University.

The poor unfortunates soon found that she was their friend. After a long talk in which she appealed to their better natures, a desire for better things was awakened in their hearts, and they readily consented to her plan to open a school in the prison in which the children and the illiterate women could be taught to read. It was decided also that the women should be taught to sew. This would enable them to make clothes for themselves and their children. Another project was to have them prepare needlework for sale, as she knew idleness was an incentive to vicious behavior. "By invoking the aid of the women themselves," says a writer, "she put herself more than a hundred years ahead of the most advanced thinkers of her time."

The next step was to get the consent of the prison officials to her plans, which was not easy. They tried to discourage her. The women were "incorrigible," "irretrievable;" there was no room available for the school. And other excuses were made. Finally the women prisoners found a room not needed for anything else; also they chose a schoolmistress for teacher who had been committed for stealing a watch, and Mrs. Fry was given permission to start her project. The Ladies' Newgate committee, composed of ten of her friends, all but one of them Quakers like herself, was later formed. "They bound themselves to take turns in going daily to Newgate to instruct the women, to provide funds for materials, to arrange for the sale of the work, and to pay the salary

of a matron to be on the spot day and night."

At last the opposition of the officials was overcome with the aid of her husband, who was a wealthy merchant, and a workroom was fitted up in the prison.

When the lord mayor of London and other officials came to visit Newgate, a wonderful change had taken place. "They saw no more an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half-naked and half-drunk. This 'hell on earth' exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory, or a well-regulated family." But Elizabeth Fry's work did not stop at Newgate. "She visited prisons throughout the British Isles, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, devoting a quarter of a century to the work, effecting many improvements, and becoming the chief exponent of prison reform in all Europe."

When Joseph was on his way to Egypt as a slave, he met a crisis in his life. At first he was overcome with grief and terror at the prospect before him. The change in situation—from a tenderly cherished son to a slave among strangers—was a hard experience for him, but he came "forth as gold" after the test.

Though Jacob had been unwise in showing his favoritism for this younger son, and thus exciting the jealousy of the older brothers, he had taught him to love and obey God, and Joseph now found comfort and strength in the "exceeding great and precious promises." "He then and there gave himself fully to the Lord,

and he prayed that the Keeper of Israel would be with him in the land of his exile."

"His soul thrilled with the high resolve to prove himself true to God,—under all circumstances to act as became a subject of the King of heaven. He would serve the Lord with undivided heart; he would meet the trials of his lot with fortitude, and perform every duty with fidelity. One day's experience had been the turning point in Joseph's life. Its terrible calamity had transformed him from a petted child to a man, thoughtful, courageous, and self-possessed."

In the life of Moses we have an outstanding example of farsightedness. He was only twelve years old when he left his mother's home to enter the Egyptian court, with its luxury and vice, but he remained true to his early training, and steadfastly refused to bow down to idols. "How far-reaching in its results was the influence of that one Hebrew woman, and she an exile and a slave!" "Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt," Moses refused the throne which Pharaoh had planned for him, and became the leader of a despised race of slaves; "for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward."

During a military campaign in Egypt the French army found the mummy of Ramses the Great and sent it to a Paris museum. When the mummy arrived at the customhouse at Marseille the officials were puzzled over how it should be classified, but finally (*Turn to page 13*)



OUR minds are barren fields which God has given to us. He means that we should cultivate them and cause them to bring forth fruit. "A man," says Thoreau, will go considerably out of his way to pick up a silver dollar; but there are golden words, which the wisest men of antiquity have uttered and whose worth the wise of every succeeding age have assured us of." If we would seek those golden words, we should look for them where they may be found—in books. Words have been suggested by the feelings or observations of men. Some of them are as tender as the dawn, and as serene as the stars; others are as wild as the beasts. Each day should find us mastering them, for they enable us to add a part of some other man's intelligence to our own. If we fail to do this, we shall someday find that through our own neglect we have become the laughingstock of the ignorant.

It makes no difference what we may undertake, we do not need to venture into the dark. For the mere asking we may have the advice and counsel of the great men of the past who have done the

same thing. Why so many men, who are blessed with good sense in other ways, will undertake the great battle of life single-handed when they can have, free of cost, an army of the best intellects the world has ever known to help them fight their battles, is more than I can understand. All around us are whole battalions of picked men, every one a genius in his line, and every one willing and waiting to help us with the full force of his powers.

No matter how strong I may be, every time I call a new man to my aid I am adding his strength to my strength; and the number of men I am able to summon to my help is limited only by my industry in making their acquaintance and my ability to put them to work when they have responded to my call. Most of us, if not quite all of us, know how to read; and that alone places us, if we like, in possession of the accumulated wisdom of the ages. A man who is content to live from one day to another, satisfied if each day produces for him food to eat and a roof under which to sleep, is not very far removed from an uncivilized being.

The Surveyor's Cook Boy

A Story of the South Seas

By JAMES A. CORMACK

Left to the Flames

TWO weeks passed slowly, and again the full moon looked down upon the vision splendid. Silver danced in glee upon placid waters. The air was crystal clear and crisp; the silence was broken only by the call of frogs and other creatures of the night. Presently there was a ripple of water, then the splash of paddles which brought shouts of excitement as the people of Molatiro came rushing down to the water's edge to welcome the returning warriors.

Animated speculation ran high as the women wondered if their husbands and sons were still alive. Meanwhile the *nyambara* were beached and run up into the boat-house by many willing helpers. As the braves unloaded their gruesome cargo of human skulls, which would soon adorn their homes or be offered in sacrifice to devil deities, they told the eager listeners of their grisly deeds of the past weeks in the land of the enemy.

The heads of enemies were accounted of much value, for they were believed to be the most acceptable offering that could be made to the spirits. The head was used to represent the body, and was thought to possess much "soul force." It was believed that the spirits appropriated the soul value of these skulls to themselves, and if generously treated, would grant the donor exemptions from evil visitations. It will be seen that the motive behind the sacrifice of a human head was solely personal benefit. The excitement of the returned warriors can be readily understood, then, as they unloaded their freight of enemy heads and told of their infamous deeds.

There had been nocturnal raids on sleeping villages, ambush assaults, pitched battles, murders, plunder, and every cruelty that the fiendish native minds were capable of contriving under the influence of their satanic master. The expedition had been a success, for the death of the village headman had been avenged, many skulls had been taken, and a number of young men and women of Choiseul had been brought back as slaves. The high day of the expedition had been the memorable occasion on which a morsel of human flesh had been eaten by each man to assure his bravery for battles to come.

Throughout most of the Solomon group cannibalism was engaged in, not to satisfy a perverted appetite for human flesh, but purely as a religious rite. It was thought that in this act the strength and bravery of the victim would pass to the eater, thereby increasing his power and prestige.

While the village folk listened to glowing tales of daring, and heaped admiration and glory upon the noble warriors, some of the women stole quietly away to weep in the solitude of their homes, to mourn alone the widowhood that had so recently come upon them. For not all the men had returned. Some had fallen in battle, and their heads would even now be adorning an enemy shrine. However, in the village life the places of the fallen would soon be taken by the young captives, for it was the custom to adopt them right into their homes and to treat them as one of their own tribe.

But not only did the women mourn their loss; their minds were also filled with a dread of the fearsome fate which awaited them. The Dovele people were notorious for their nefarious practice of widow strangling. If a widow managed to escape this cruel death, she was looked upon as one possessed of an evil spirit, and was banished to the mercies of the bush. It happened occasionally that the banished one, in time, would devise a means of repaying her late husband's people an equivalent of the price that

had been paid for her purchase as a wife. In this case only was the widow allowed to come back and join in the life of the village once more; then only was she free to marry again. Seldom was a woman so fortunate, however, for usually the strangulation cords claimed her before she was able to escape.

The days passed by—days of steaming heat and humidity, days of work. Gardens needed attention, for not only must the family board be continually replenished, but the periodical feasts for the dead must be provided for. Menfolk hunted pigs or took their canoes on fishing expeditions, while the nimble fingers of the women plaited sleeping mats from a certain palm leaf, or sewed leaves for house building. Others bent their backs under loads of wood or garden produce.

As in most heathen lands, the women were the beasts of burden and were hopelessly downtrodden. In this miserable state they had no voice in any of the affairs of society; they were not even allowed to express a preference in their own marriage. So slight was their interest in life that self-strangling was not uncommon. When purchased by her husband for a pig and a few shell armlets, the wife became his slave, an object of scorn and abuse. No one had a kind word for her. The worst lot imaginable in heathen lands is to be "just a woman."

And now our story moves on to a typically hot day when the village folk were enjoying their midday siesta. Some squatted in the shade of their homes while their jaws kept up a constant munching of betel nut and lime; others preferred to sleep away the hours within doors. But all failed to notice the approach of a troop of armed natives led by a white man. At this time the govern- (Turn to page 13)

Ove, an Extinct Volcano on the Island of Simbo, Known as the Transition Place of Departed Spirits

Natives Carrying Up the Ridge Cap for the New House on Ronogo, British Solomon Islands



PHOTOS BY AUTHOR

Kathie Makes a Decision

By ROSALEE EDWARDY

MOTHER, why must you be so old-fashioned?" stormed Kathie. "This is a modern age, and I am sixteen years old. Don't you think I have enough sense to make my own decision for once in my life?"

Mrs. Van Divier breathed a heavy sigh as she sank into the nearest chair and buried her face in trembling hands. She had devoted much time lately to earnestly trying to reason with Kathie and point out the evils of public school, but it seemed of no use. Kathie was determined to spend her junior year in a high school.

Seeing the distressed look on her mother's face, Kathie sank to the floor, and, putting her arms around her mother's waist, said soothingly, "It can't be that bad, mother, dear; I've attended church school all my life, and just one year outside isn't going to do me any special harm. I can keep my high standards, and still have so much fun. I've gone to church school for ten years under the same environment. I've known the same people since infancy. I'm am-

bitious; I want new interests, new friends, new surroundings. Why can't you see it my way, mother?"

"Well, dear, it's the fact that you'll be seeking the wrong kind of interests; your environment will be of the type that is unwholesome for a Christian young person, and your friends will be those of the worldly, fast-going crowd." Mrs. Van Divier's eyes were clouded as she took her daughter's pretty little face in her hands and said in a low, pleading tone, "I'm not trying to be dictatorial with you, darling; but mother wants her girl to be saved in the kingdom of God, and the temptations that will meet you in a public school may be too hard for even a young woman of sixteen to resist."

"You're absolutely impossible," snapped Kathie, jumping to her feet, black eyes blazing. "As if one year in public school could keep me out of heaven." And before her mother could reason further with her, she had marched indignantly from the room, slamming the door to express her impatience.

The heartsick mother sank exhausted to her knees and spread out her problem before the heavenly Father, for she felt that He was the only one left to turn to. Her husband, an unbeliever, was as much in favor of Kathie's attending public school as she was against it.

With a heavy heart Mrs. Van Divier accompanied Kathie to the high school on registration day. The halls were packed with girls and boys talking excitedly about their summer experiences and the glamour of starting a new school year.

Kathie's face was alight with eagerness as she grasped her mother's arm more firmly and stepped into the registration line. Just ahead of them was a tall, slender girl about Kathie's own age who had a strong smell of tobacco about her person. Kathie hoped the odor had not penetrated her mother's sensitive nostrils, but just one quick glance into the face beside her, and she knew that her mother had missed nothing.

To divert her attention, she started talking very fast and enthusiastically about the subjects she was going to take that year. "They tell me that free voice lessons are given here, mother. That will certainly be an advantage, for you know how much I've always wanted to sing."

"Yes, Kathie," Mrs. Van Divier sighed, "I do hope that everything will turn out all right, and that you will bring from this school only good traits, and will develop none of the less desirable qualities."

"Oh, you needn't worry about me, mother. I'm not a child any more, you know," laughed Kathie.

The first few days went by uneventfully, but it was not long before Mrs. Van Divier began to notice a change in her daughter. True, it was but a slight change at first, but it soon developed to greater degrees. Kathie's cheeks began to redden, and her lovely lips took on a painted look.

Mrs. Van Divier said nothing, but her heart ached. Her prayers became longer and more and more agonizing as time went on. Kathie began inviting her new school friends home with her. They were girls who painted their faces, and used careless language, and boys with worldly airs, and the odor of tobacco about them—young people whom Kathie was resembling more and more every day.

She was at home evenings less and less, and her mother knew she was attending motion-picture theaters. Still she said nothing, but her prayers were never ceasing.

One day Kathie came running in from school as happy as a bird. "Oh, mother," she ex- (Turn to page 12)



High School or a Christian Academy?
Thousands of Seventh-day Adventist
Young People Are Facing That Important Question Today

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



G. ERIC JONES

The Girls Gathered on the Steps of the Administration Building to Talk Things Over

For Her Friends

By HELEN MARIE JOHNSON

MORNING classes were just over at the academy, and students hurried about the campus to the dormitories and the dining room, or went to their homes in the village. A slender girl with light-brown hair slammed four or five books down on top of her notebook, gave them a final settling poke, and then tucked the whole pile under her arm and hurried out the front door of the administration building. A group of girls on the porch accosted her with a gay, "Hello, Mary Lou."

"Hello," she rejoined, then paused on the top step to ask one member of the group, "Say, Peggy, are you coming to the meeting tonight?"

Peggy shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know; I might. You can never tell. Are you?"

"I'm not sure. I think I shall, though. I haven't been to *any* of the meetings this week, and that's unusual for me. I guess it won't hurt me to come to one."

Peggy nodded. "No, I guess it won't. I'll probably come, too, if you'll be there. Our assignments for tomorrow are quite short; so I can get my studying done this afternoon. 'Bye.'"

"'Bye! See you tonight," called

Mary Lou over her shoulder as she started down the campus toward home.

It was the Spring Week of Prayer at the academy. The minister spoke every day at chapel, at which the attendance of all students was required, as well as at an evening service at which the presence of village students was optional. Heretofore, Mary Lou's coming to religious services had been the usual thing, but this particular week she had been acting different. She had been brought up in a Seventh-day Adventist home, and religion was more or less of a habit with her. Never before had she thought of it in that way, but just lately she had waked up with a shock to wonder if she *really* cared about being a Christian. After some deliberation, she decided that she was tired of it all. There were two ways she could take—pretend to maintain her interest in religious things and keep the good opinion of the faculty, or openly show how she felt, regardless of others' opinions. Having a great distaste for sham, she chose the latter course.

This decision explained why she had announced to a few of her friends that she did not intend to appear at

any Week of Prayer service that she could avoid. She had carried out her plan until Thursday, when she thought perhaps it would be only fair to "give God another chance" at her heart. The meeting probably would not be too bad, anyway, especially if Peggy were coming along. That is how it came about that Mary Lou and Peggy were in the chapel that evening, sitting in the very back row of seats. They accepted the sermon very indifferently, even an appeal which pointed out the necessity of living every day as though it were one's last; and they joined heartily in the closing hymn, only half realizing what it meant.

"Well," said Mary Lou, as the two of them wandered out, arm in arm, "things went just as I expected. I always have said that the Week of Prayer never does me any good."

"That's the way with me, too," agreed Peggy. "I'd be better off without it; but just try to convince anyone else of that!"

"Oh, well, maybe it does some people some good," said Mary Lou, "but I'm not going to let my emotions overcome me. It will probably take a while for people to get used to my acting indifferent this way; they seem to think I'm naturally religious or something."

"They just don't know you! But go easy; you don't want to shock them too much all at once. Besides, you mustn't get into any trouble; that won't do any good. Good night, Mary Lou."

"Good night, Peggy; I'll try to be reasonably well-behaved."

The first three class periods Friday morning were over in what seemed almost no time to Peggy and Mary Lou. As the two girls went to chapel with the rest of the crowd, they expressed their relief at that day's being the last day of the Week of Prayer at school. "This week," said Mary Lou, "has been positively awful. Oh, yes, I have felt grand most of the time; but there's something about these meetings that bothers me. I can't see why they should. I've made up my mind, and I'm not letting today's sermon change it, either." And the girls parted to go to their chapel seats.

The short sermon *didn't* change Mary Lou's mind. When a plea was made for those to stand who were willing to give their lives wholly to God, she and Peggy both remained seated. Then the testimony meeting began. Mary Lou's thoughts rambled hither and yon; they were definitely *not* on the solemnity of the service. Suddenly a familiar voice broke in upon her consciousness. A very special chum who had a particularly hard time living a Christian life, was asking for the prayers and the encouragement of fellow students. Mary Lou's face grew solemn. She didn't even look at Peggy; she just bowed

her head and thought. The rest of chapel, the other morning classes, and dinner, were almost a blank to her. Over and over in her mind, she said, "There is nothing I would rather do than something to help Jane Alice; but I can't do a thing because I know I'm not a *real* Christian myself."

When the Friday work was finished, Mary Lou put on her coat and left the house without any explanation to the family. She didn't know where she was going; she just knew she wanted to be by herself. As she came to the church, she hesitated for a second. In the back room stood a little old parlor organ which she sometimes used to play on Sabbath afternoons in summer when there were no meetings to attend. She went around the building and tried the back door; it was unlocked. She slipped in ever so softly and closed the door quietly behind her. She still felt a sense of reverence when she entered God's house. Seating herself at the organ, she let her fingers and her mind wander where they chose.

It was the Week of Prayer in another school, a tiny country church school. The sun shone in through the eastern windows, touching freckled faces, rosy faces, faced framed by shining curls, but all rapt with attention. One of the mothers of the neighborhood had taken time from her morning activities to come to the schoolhouse and tell in a simple, humble way the story of salvation. All the children were from Christian families; so the story was not new to them, but it still fascinated them. The next day another mother talked during the opening exercises, and she received the same earnest interest from her childish audience. Once the church pastor was present for the school devotions. The children appreciated his coming, for he could talk "little folks'" language as well as he could preach sermons from the pulpit. At the close of the week, a number of the students, among them a small wisp of a girl with golden-brown hair, consecrated their young hearts to their Master. It had been a sincere, genuine consecration, too, intended to last as long as their lives.

Then several years had slipped away. Commencement week end at the academy was almost over. A little apart from all the commotion and hurry connected with the departure of a class, two underclassmen were telling each other good-by. One said, "And be the kind of girl you should be. Remember, I'll be trying, too. Will you promise?"

The golden-brown head nodded solemnly. "Of course I'll promise. You mustn't forget, either. Even if we never see each other again, we'll both be working toward the same goal."

And then they returned to the crowd.

Mary Lou awoke from her reverie; still unconsciously playing the organ. "Promises, consecrations," she said to herself, "that I have not fulfilled. I really *meant* them when I made them, too. But it's easy to forget how much it all means when discouragements come. I wonder if it would do any good to make a new attempt, if I could do better if I would try again? I wonder." She remembered the childhood playmates who had stayed true to their determination to serve God; she thought of the letters she had received from friends, urging her to make the most of her life. Someway, it all made her feel that she *did* have an interest in Christianity, and that she *wanted* to turn over a new leaf. Suddenly she realized what song she was playing. The tears misted her gray eyes and threatened to spill over on her cheeks as her heart joined the rich organ tones in—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

This time, Mary Lou knew she meant her consecration; for she had made it after a battle. She had rededicated herself to God, not because of any stirring sermon, but through the more eloquent plea of the lives around her—the friends whom she could not disappoint, the friends who needed her help, and the greatest Friend, who would always help her—Jesus Christ.

"Be Practical"

(Continued from page 1)

of it? It isn't within reason to throw your whole life away for a mere sentiment about salvation and peace. Peace! All life is a fight—competitive savagery. How do you expect to get ahead or make any money in a world like our world today if you permit yourself to be guided by old-fashioned, restrictive ideas? Religion which does not adapt itself to changing times is not only useless, but is a real hindrance to modern living. Have your God if you must, but don't, I beg of you, allow this religion foolishness to interfere with your career. Religion is the most impractical nuisance in the world!"



Every true Christian wants to live the victorious life in Christ. Can you imagine this life of victory as being a series of steps which must be taken? Each step leads onward and upward. Read about this in "Messages to Young People," pages 83-110.

1. True-false. Satan enters each life with an array of temptation at once.
2. In a program of close self-examination, what two questions should I ask myself?
3. Youth must be fortified with firm —.
4. "If the — are wrong, the — will be wrong."
5. The one who lives the Christian life grows in —, in —, in —.
6. "The — made on Calvary is the — of their [the youth's] victory."
7. Two weapons against Satan are: (a) — (b) —.
8. True-false. Trials become harder by repining.
9. True-false. If our steps are ordered by the Lord, we can expect our path to be one of outward peace and prosperity.
10. (a) A noble, all-round character is inherited.
(b) A noble, all-round character does not come by chance.
(c) A noble, all-round character is earned by individual effort through the merits and grace of Christ.
11. "Faith is not —."

Ten years had passed since the youthful Steve had left in the hands of an astounded Captain Fillmore his resignation. When he told me this story, I thought, as I sat listening, of the years that had gone; of Steve's flight into the Far North to give freely the best of his strength to an isolated people as he told them of the way of life; of Steve's airplane, which was to some arctic and sub-arctic areas the sole contact with a negligent civilization, the only source of necessary supplies, and oftentimes a lifesaving ambulance of the air, bringing in doctors and medicine or bearing sick and injured to far distant hospitals. "Grenfell of the Skies" a recent magazine article had labeled him. I was pondering mostly Steve's stirring reply to the captain's plea.

"Captain," he said, "within every man there develops, with the recognition of the *greater* things of life, emotions which must remain unexplainable to those who do not believe in the existence of man's soul; to whom wealth means solely material property; to whom love is relative to reward. You declare religion to be impractical. Religion—in the sense of a hollow form—is that, but imbued with the Spirit of the living Christ, religion becomes a vitalized force. Nothing which exists without reason is practical! The creed, sir, of 'this Jesus' is unselfish love and service for fellow human beings. That provides the *only* reason for living—not merely existing. Therefore I say it is the *only* career of life. I could not be happy outside of my career. In the words of 'this Jesus,' 'What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'"

Through my mind flashed thoughts of others I had known who had deserted a settled and ordered life for the "only career." I remembered, too, the Biblical characters—Moses, Daniel, Paul—who made like momentous decisions.

Well, what about it? For the young man or young woman, are these sacrifices *practical*? Is the religion of Christ in any way reasonable in its demands, or, with Captain Fillmore, should we brand it an "impractical nuisance," a philosophy of restriction? Will following Christ's footsteps—with the cultural and altruistic values it brings to life—be a practical course for us? Will association with the Master Teacher, the Saviour of mankind, prove burdening? We may recognize the value of the uplifting themes of the gospel, but what of "bearing" the cross of Christ; what of actual living under His guidance? Is He at all compatible with modern living?

Unfortunately, association with the Master often *appears*, from the average young man's viewpoint, to restrain normal life; to set life to a single note, restricting social privilege and even the possibility of certain kinds of employment.

On the contrary, normal life is enlarged in its possibilities by the friendship of Christ. His soul music is a symphony—not a monotonous dirge. No words of the Son of God envision a life of scaled proportions, but rather a grand existence extending beyond the confines of our single personality into the personalities of others who may be served. That is *real* religion. That is religion guaranteeing social expansion—not contraction.

What about employment? The practicality of allowing Christ to dominate the life seems most often challenged on this point. Contempt and ridicule are variously heaped upon those of rigid honesty who strictly adhere to the laws of God in this indifferent age. Employers the world over, however, are coming to acknowledge the dearth of employable

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COURTESY, SWISS OFFICIAL INFORMATION BUREAU

A HOUSE With Love Locked Out

By IDA LEE JOHNSTON

LUCILE'S mother stood at the window, watching her twelve-year-old daughter, and her friend Annabel, as they started to school one May morning. Then she turned to her husband and said:

"Daddy, I can't tell you how happy I am that Lucile has such a friend as Annabel. What good manners! She stands high in all her classes at school, and she never misses Sabbath school and church. And she is courteous to older people. Her mother must be very proud of her."

"Well," replied daddy, looking up from the morning paper, "she does seem to be a fine girl; but I can't see that she's any finer than our own Lucile. Of course her father has plenty of money; but Christian home training counts for a great deal, and we have tried to give that to our little daughter."

A few weeks later there was a party for the class graduating from the grammar school, and that evening at dinner Lucile remarked: "Annabel could almost buy me, mother, and yet her party dress is much simpler than mine. She dresses in such perfect taste, and is always, no matter where, the most popular girl there. I would almost envy her if I didn't love her so much."

Lucile had already told her mother that Annabel had invited her to spend the following night with her, and received permission to make the visit to which she looked forward with much pleasure.

She was not prepared for the costly carpets and curtains and the general elegance that was everywhere present in Annabel's home. However, she was sure that she would know how to act, for there was culture and refinement in her own home.

Annabel introduced her mother, who, after a few words of welcome, left the two girls together. Suddenly the door flew open violently and a small boy rushed in, throwing things in every direction. Annabel called sharply, "Hey there, Tom; where are your manners?" "Shut your mouth! Where's yours?" answered Tom.

Turning to Lucile, Annabel said, in the ugliest sort of way, "Aren't you glad you have no brother? I just hate boys—especially Tom."

Lucile hid her surprise over that scene and watched Annabel, as, after handing her a box of fine candy, she curled up in a big armchair and took up a book she was reading. Mother's voice from upstairs broke in on the silence with:

"Annabel, don't be selfish now and read, and leave Lucile to amuse herself."

Annabel answered, "Mother, you never can let me alone. You're a regular nagger. Lucile doesn't mind." Silence again, except for the rapid beating of Lucile's heart. Half an hour later, the mother's voice again:

"Annabel, dear, it's time to see to the setting of the table for dinner. Your father will soon be here, and he always likes for dinner to be ready, you know."

Very sharply Annabel called back: "There you go again, mother. Can't you let me read one minute without nagging? If you're not busy, why can't you set the table?" She made no move, and soon Lucile heard her mother in the dining room arranging for the evening meal.

In a few minutes a stooped, care-worn man came in. Annabel glanced up. "Dad, this is Lucile. You've heard me talk about her."

Lucile offered her hand and, in her

own friendly way, said: "I'm so glad to meet Annabel's father, and," laughing, "they say I'm a daddy's girl because I love my father so much." He patted her on the head and smiled into her upturned face.

As her father went to get ready for dinner, Annabel laid down her book and said, "My old man's all right, too, except when he's all wrong."

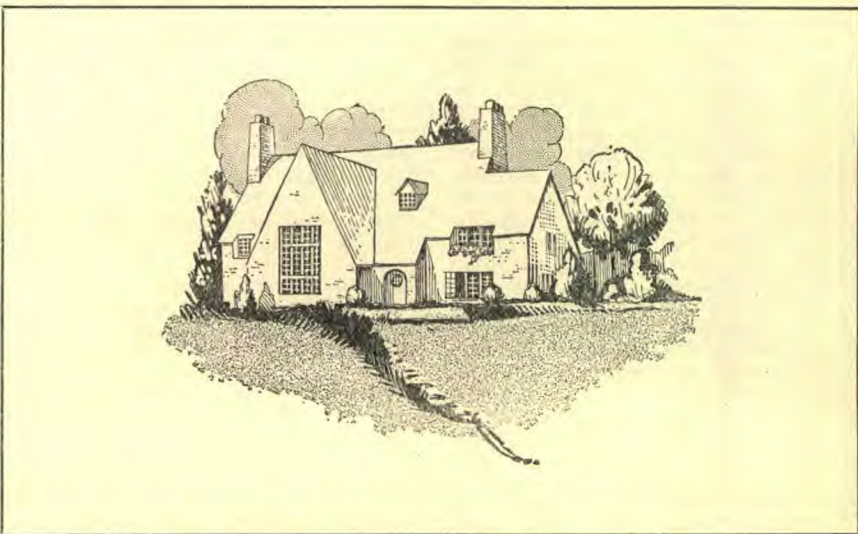
Lucile was beginning to think that she had never really known Annabel at all, and her eyes were opened wider at the dinner table. Annabel glared at Tom, and he glared at her. Not a kindly word was spoken between them, and when the mother tried to smooth things over, Annabel answered her in a cross, ugly way.

There were a costly radio and a very fine piano in the living room, and after dinner the father turned to Lucile: "Won't you play something for me on the piano? Annabel tells me you're somewhat of a musician, and I'm partial to piano music."

"Old-fashioned! that's what you are! with a radio in the house," put in Annabel, as Lucile rose to play, saying, "Father loves it, too. He has me play for him every evening." She was happy to play all the songs Annabel's father requested, and when she left the piano, he said, "Thank you! How I did enjoy it. You're very kind."

The visit finally ended, and next day at school Annabel was the same girl Lucile had loved and almost envied. But Lucile would not talk of her visit. She was so silent about it that her mother asked her why she did not tell her all about it.

Lucile answered, "Mother, Annabel's home is just a fine house with love locked out."





Does Matter Exist Apart From God?

BY S. C. ROCKWELL

STRANGE as it may seem, matter is, without doubt, composed of electricity. The chairs and the table, the ground, even our own bodies, are made up of electricity. Ordinarily we do not get a "shock" when we touch these objects, because both positive and negative electricity are present in them in equal amounts, and they neutralize each other. In order to charge anything with electricity, all that is necessary is to remove some of the negative electrons, leaving an overstock of the positive, or to add negative electrons, in which case it would be overstocked with negative electricity.

All molecules are composed of these electrical charges.

Each molecule has a nucleus composed of positive and negative charges (protons and neutrons) of electricity closely associated with each other. Around these nuclei negative particles of electricity revolve in orbits, as planets revolve around the central sun. These electrons are more or less loosely held by the central protons. In forms of matter like radium, they are so loosely held that some are escaping constantly. Therefore, radium is very unstable electrically. Lead, on the other hand, is apparently the most stable form; that is, the electrons are held very tenaciously in lead. Other substances rank in between according to how easily the electrons escape.

Now, if two substances, one of which is more stable than the other, are in close contact and then are pulled apart, the more stable will rob the less stable of some electrons. This is what happens when a comb is charged by being passed through the hair, or when paper is rubbed on a wool garment. This is the only way by which electricity can be obtained other than by induction—electrostatic induction or electromagnetic induction.

Even in the voltaic cell and the storage battery the electricity is produced in the same way as it is on the comb. The molecules, dissolved in the water, are pulled apart (dissociated), and the more stable part robs electrons from the less stable part, so that both negative and positively charged particles (ions) are in the water.

Again we come back to the thought that all matter is composed of electricity. And electricity is energy. The law of conservation of matter and the law of conservation of energy are not two separate laws, because matter and energy are not two separate concepts. They are simply different forms of the same thing. The law of conservation is not a law of matter or of energy, but of the one common material of which both are composed. The fact that we have such a law of the indestructibility and noncreatability of matter is opposed to the idea of the ability of processes now operating to produce new matter and new energy.

There is perfect agreement between science and the Bible. Science says that matter is composed of energy (electricity). Energy cannot be seen; but wood, stone, and vegetation can be seen. The Old Book says that the things which

are seen were "not made of things which do appear." God made the visible things out of invisible material. He simply "spoke, and it was." The word of God is all-powerful, all-energetic; and, according to the Bible, everything that was created is composed of the energy of the living word of God. That word is living still, living because God is living. That word is still causing His plan to be carried out, for "by Him all things consist."

Now, just as sure as all things exist today, so God exists. And even as everything is composed of the energy of the living word of God, so without a living all-powerful God such a material world as ours would cease to exist.

"Do Good, . . . Hoping for Nothing Again"

(Continued from page 4)

study on the twenty-three-hundred days of Daniel 8.

He smiled and said, "No, I couldn't." I then asked him if he would care to have me call at his home the next evening and show him how easy it would be for him to understand the subject. He said he would be glad to have me come. I took his address, and the next evening at the time arranged, I was there.

Whether it just happened or not, I never knew, but there was another man there, who, I soon learned, was employed by the conference. Without offering any excuse or explanation, I proceeded to give a study on the Passover instead of the twenty-three-hundred days, as it was always an intensely interesting study to me and I felt that it would be more interesting to the visitor. Also, I explained that I made no profession of religion, but that my idea had been to help the local elder in his system of Bible study.

Both men talked to me, and to shorten the story again—it was not more than thirty minutes until we were all on our knees, and again I took courage. There was no doubt but that the trouble was all with me—for God is "the same yesterday, and today, and forever," and can save whosoever will accept Him.

My reason for giving these two experiences is that in both cases I really wanted to be of help, and had not the first thought that I myself would be benefited in any way—yet in both cases I most surely was.

And the lesson I get is: how slow we are to realize the importance of apparently little things, and how greatly they may affect our lives.

"Be Practical"

(Continued from page 10)

men and women whose personal lives are rooted in an established foundation; whose convictions give them depth of thought and purpose of action. In the height of unemployment there is an actual shortage of men who are unquestionably reliable. There is definitely a place for the young man, or young woman, of such sincere devotion that he will frankly serve his employers—or as an employer serve his community. Only the Spirit of Jesus, with its demand of obedience to the entire law of God and the rules of Christlike service, can weave into the pattern of a man's character the attributes which will assure dependability every hour of the day.

Young people looking for employment, ashamed of the Christ in their lives, are denying the very thing that

would bring success to their efforts and stature to their personalities. Irresponsibility vanishes, and an aim in living takes the place of aimlessness for the youth who looks to Christ as his guiding star.

Much emphasis is placed mistakenly by my many young friends upon the spiritual versus the practical aspects of religion. They little think, in their seeming wisdom, that perhaps the two are one. They deny utterly the value of the embracing spirituality of the religion of Christ. Must we measure practical value by material gain only? This is a generation peculiarly proud of its practicality, a generation which proposes to pass judgment on the worth of ancient values; yet, it is prone to forget that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

Consider a moment. There is no elusive wraith which mankind pursues more desperately than happiness—trampling love, beauty, and human feelings under its feet in order to attain the heart's desire; striving toward what goal it knows not! The spiritual, cultural aspects of Christianity bring at last fulfillment of that yearning desire for happiness and security. Is that worth while? The root of the hopeless wandering, the vain striving, of man lies in the deep-seated realization that we, in our selfishness, vie with one another for so little and at last arrive empty-handed before a destiny that we cannot comprehend. And that is not worth while!

Youth, fix in your minds that the Christ is the focus of all things. His creed defines the "only career of life." Weigh before the bars of intelligence the things of eternal worth against selfishness, money, comfort, and fame. If your mind is unprejudiced, you cannot fail to comprehend the gulf separating truth from untruth. The life of Christ is vibrant, vital, alive! In comparison to it man's grandest philosophies shrivel into pettiness.

Christ's religion practical? A friend once summed it thuswise: "I win twice. The better life I live—and the better life I shall live."

Kathie Makes a Decision

(Continued from page 8)

claimed exuberantly, "guess what? I've been invited to join the Co-eds."

"The Co-eds, dear?" her mother said quizzically.

"Yes, mother, it's a girls' club at school. It's considered a great honor to be part of this organization; and just think, they've asked me! I'll have to have a sweater, but that won't cost much. May I join?"

Without giving the matter much consideration, Mrs. Van Divier responded absent-mindedly, "Yes, dear, I guess we can manage to get the sweater for you."

"Oh, you're a perfect darling," cried Kathie as she kissed her mother.

It wasn't long before Mrs. Van Divier came to regret her hasty consent, for the Co-eds continually urged Kathie to take up dancing. "You won't have a bit of fun in our club if you don't," they told her. While attending the academy where Christian influences surrounded her, she had had no reason whatsoever for wanting to dance, but now it was different.

One rainy night in April Kathie broached the subject. Her mother sat knitting by the large open fireplace in their living room. Kathie was at her feet, gazing pensively into the glowing embers. "Moms," she said suddenly, "would you do me a big favor?"

"If I can, Kathie," was her mother's reply.

"I want to take dancing lessons; please let me, it's so important for me to know how to dance," she begged. She shifted her gaze away guiltily, but Mrs. Van Divier was silent for so long that Kathie looked up. There were tears streaming down her mother's face. Kathie had never seen her mother cry before, and she suddenly realized just how much she had been hurting her the last few months.

Quick as a wink, she jumped up and threw her arms around her mother's neck and whispered in her ear, "I didn't mean it, Mom; honest I didn't. It's just as you said it would be, but I've come to my senses at last, because I realize that I haven't been really happy doing the things you always have taught me are wrong. My conscience isn't comfortable at all, and I'm ready to right-about-face and turn over a new leaf!"

Kathie is attending a Seventh-day Adventist academy this year, and a more contented young woman would be hard to find, for she realizes now that peace of mind and assurance of God's approval are far more important than the fleeting, questionable pleasures of this life.

The Surveyor's Cook Boy

(Continued from page 7)

ment was trying to suppress tribal conflict and head-hunting expeditions, and warning after warning had been sent out along the Dovele Coast. When officials heard of the recent raid of the Molatiro people on the unfortunates of Choiseul, a patrol officer was sent out in charge of a troop of the native constabulary to bring the culprits to justice. The weakness of this system is, however, that the innocent are more often the sufferers than the guilty.

The government troops approached stealthily, and were able to take the sleeping villagers by surprise. The native police arranged themselves under the houses of their unsuspecting victims and discharged a volley from their rifles through the floors, a strange method of attack, surely, but one which served to terrorize the waking tribesmen, who, with a cry of "Government!" were able to make for the bush before the representatives of the law could get out into the open to seize the wanted headhunters. One man did not escape so easily, however, for he had received a nasty rifle wound. As for the others, the scrub offers shelter for hunted natives, who are well aware of the government warnings, and in vain did the police boys call on the fleeing villagers to stop. They were gone with the speed lent by fear.

Outdone in the main object of the raid, the officer gave orders for the village to be fired as a punishment for the murderous deeds of the recent past and as an example to any who might be similarly inclined. Soon the leafy dwellings were ablaze. The heat became intense as the homes one by one collapsed to the ground. In a desperate endeavor to bring the turbulent natives under control, extreme measures were often taken. Regrettable and unwise assaults often caused more bloodshed and misery than had been brought about by the victims in the marauding raids on enemy villages. The so-called "police boys" were savages at heart, and they ever welcomed an opportunity to dash into needless slaughter, knowing that they had the protection of the law; therefore young and old, innocent and guilty alike, often fell victims to this maladministration of justice. It is gratifying to note, however, that this black spot in Solomon Islands administration was quickly removed, and a wiser, kindlier era was

STAMPS

Address all correspondence to the Stamp Corner, Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D.C.

On Soaking Stamps

IN order for used stamps to be ready for the album, they should have all traces of the envelope removed. Beginners often peel stamps from the paper on which they have been affixed; but except in unusual cases, it is impossible to do this without damaging the stamp. And since condition is one of the prime factors in determining the usability of a stamp in the collection, every stamp collector should understand the accepted methods of separating stamps from paper.

The large majority of stamps can easily be soaked in water without the slightest damage. In fact, the washing makes most of them look better. Just where and how to go about soaking the paper off the stamps depends somewhat on the number to be handled. Usually the kitchen sink is best. Water is convenient, a big dishpan is handy, and the drainboard gives room for laying out the washed stamps.

If only a few stamps are to be soaked, not much need be said about preparation. But if several hundred stamps—or, more likely, a pound or two—are awaiting treatment, it is well to get started in a convenient and comfortable way.

You will need a good armload of newspapers on which to lay the wet stamps. Have them ready. Draw a large dishpan of warm water—not hot. Put in several hundred stamps, and swish them around in the water. *Leave them alone awhile.* This is important, for if you try to help the process along by peeling off those that look ready, you will spoil more than you gain.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes the stamps will become loosened from the paper. You can help by swishing the mass about in the pan. Drain off the water and put in some more. Repeat the swishing, drain again, and refill the pan with water. By this time most of the stamps will be separate from the paper, most of the gum will be washed out.

Now comes the painstaking work of picking out the stamps and laying them *face down* on several thicknesses of newspaper. One section of a city paper folded double is about right. You will notice that the stamps smooth right out, and the excess moisture is absorbed by the thick newspaper. Some of your time will have to be spent picking out the waste pieces of paper, for they cover up the stamps. In fact, you might prefer to pick out a lot of the paper first. Be sure to rub off any gum that remains on the back of the stamps.

When one piece of newspaper is full, set it somewhere to dry. Here is where you may come into conflict with the interests of other members of the family; so be considerate. When the stamps are dry, which will probably be the next morning, you can gather them up and put them into an envelope ready to sort.

Some stamps cannot be soaked because the ink with which they are printed is not waterproof. The commonest example right now is the stamps of the Dutch East Indies. Later we shall tell you how to treat such stamps.

ushered in long ago. The islanders now enjoy as full protection under the British flag as do their white brothers.

The village of Molatiro was quickly reduced to a shambles as native police boys danced around the burning buildings in delight and applied their torches to the remaining homes on the outskirts.

But what was that? It sounded like the cry of a young child, a helpless little one left behind in the mad rush for cover. The childish voice was soon raised to a terrified scream which fell upon the ears of one of the fleeing women who had crept back when she missed her child. A moment's hesitation, and her mind was made up. Yes, it was her little one, and he must not fall into the hands of the white man. She decided to attempt the rescue. "Rore, Rore, my child, my baby Rore!" she screamed as she raced to her flaming hut. The heart of a mother, black or white, is united with the children of her love by cords that danger and even threatened death cannot break.

But it was too late. She was seen by a ruthless police boy. A rifle was quickly raised, a shot rang out, and Tamu, the mother of little Rore, had given her life for her child. "Greater love hath no man than this."

(To be continued)

The Faith of the Ibo

(Continued from page 4)

baptized into the Christian faith—a faith which has changed their lives and made them clean, fearless, self-respecting, and lovable. They were not baptized because they merely *said* that they believed in Jesus, but because, during two whole years of careful training and observation, their lives had given evidence of this belief.

Someone has weaned them from their idols and guided them to Christ.

When you hear an appeal for help for the spreading of the gospel among the heathen, may God open your heart to give and to pray for them as well as to go and help them.

Farsighted Folk

(Continued from page 6)

listed it as dried fish. If Moses had chosen to take the Egyptian throne instead of eternal life, he might have become a great Pharaoh and ended up as a mummy—he might have gone into France as "dried fish"—but by making a wise choice, he is enjoying the heavenly mansions, compared with which the treasures of Egypt pale into insignificance. (See Jude 9.)

Are you farsighted and persistent? Does *your* soul thrill with a high resolve?

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS

SENIOR YOUTH

V—Death of James; Peter Delivered From Prison

(February 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 12.

MEMORY VERSE: Hebrews 13:6.

LESSON HELP: "Acts of the Apostles," pp. 143-154; "Testimonies," Vol. V, pp. 748, 749.

THE LESSON

1. After a period of rest from persecution, by whom was the church at Jerusalem oppressed? Whom did Herod cause to be put to death? Acts 12:1, 2.

NOTE.—“Herod the king” was Herod Agrippa I, son of Aristobulus, and therefore grandson of Herod the Great. He was brother of Herodias and nephew of Herod Antipas. After the banishment of Archelaus, 7 A.D., Judea was ruled by Roman governors until 41 A.D., when Claudius Caesar made Herod Agrippa I king of Judea and Samaria. He was already tetrarch of Galilee. Thus the dominions of Herod the Great were united under his grandson. He died 44 A.D.”—*McKibbin's “Bible Lessons.”*

2. What observation led Herod to continue his persecution? Who was the next object of attack? What feast was about to be celebrated? Verse 3.

3. What was Herod's intention regarding Peter? Verse 4.

NOTE.—The word that is translated “Easter” is, in the Revised Version, more correctly rendered “Passover,” meaning the entire feast. The death of James occurred just before the eight-day period of the Passover, and the deliverance of Peter followed at its close.

4. While Peter was in prison, what was the church doing? Verse 5.

NOTE.—“While, upon various pretexts, the execution of Peter was being delayed until after the Passover, the members of the church had time for deep searching of heart and earnest prayer. They prayed without ceasing for Peter; for they felt that he could not be spared from the cause. They realized that they had reached a place where, without the special help of God, the church of Christ would be destroyed.”—*Acts of the Apostles,* p. 145.

5. How closely was Peter guarded? Who appeared to him the night before he was to be executed? How was he aroused from sleep? Verses 6, 7.

6. What was Peter commanded to do? Verse 8.

7. How was the apostle impressed by his experience? How was he enabled to leave the prison? When did the angel leave him? Verses 9, 10.

8. What realization came to Peter? Where did he then go? Verses 11, 12.

NOTE.—Many were gathered together praying. It was now almost morning, between three and six o'clock. As this was the last night before Peter's expected execution, they had continued all night in prayer.

9. Who answered Peter's knock at the gate? What response did the believers make to Rhoda's news? Verses 13-15.

10. How did the believers feel when they opened the door and saw Peter? After briefly narrating his deliverance, what did he tell them to do? Verses 16, 17.

11. When did the soldiers who had been guarding Peter find that he had escaped? How did they feel about it? How were they punished for their supposed negligence? Verses 18, 19.

NOTE.—“When the report of Peter's escape was brought to Herod, he was exasperated and enraged. Charging the prison guard with unfaithfulness, he ordered them to be put to death. Herod knew that no human power had rescued Peter, but he was determined not to acknowledge that a divine power had frustrated his design, and he set himself in bold defiance against God.”—*Id.*, p. 149.

12. How was a reconciliation between Herod and the people of Tyre and Sidon brought about? Verse 20.

NOTE.—“Severe troubles had arisen in the relations between Judea and the Phœnician cities of Tyre and Sidon, and since that maritime strip of coast depends entirely for its subsistence on the harvests of Palestine, it was of the extreme importance to the inhabitants of the merchant cities that they should keep on good terms with the little autocrat. The pressure of the famine, which would fall on them with peculiar severity, made them still more anxious to bring about a reconciliation, and the visit of Agrippa to Caesarea on a joyful occasion furnished them with the requisite opportunity.”—*The Life and Work of Paul,* F. W. Farrar, p. 223.

13. Upon an appointed day, what did Herod do? How was he flattered? How was he stricken for accepting such flattery? Verses 21-23.

14. What success attended the word of God? Whom did Barnabas and Saul bring with them on their return to Antioch? Verses 24, 25.

JUNIOR

V—The Importunate Widow; the Pharisee and the Publican; Blessing Little Children

(February 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 18:1-17.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Matthew 19:13-15; Mark 10:13-16.

MEMORY VERSE: “Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.” Luke 18:16.

STUDY HELPS: “Christ's Object Lessons,” pp. 150-180 (new edition, pp. 151-183); “The Desire of Ages,” pp. 511-517.

PLACE: Probably in Judea.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; Pharisee and publican; mothers and children.

Setting of the Lesson

“Christ had been speaking of the period just before His second coming, and of the perils through which His followers must pass. With special reference to that time He related the parable ‘to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.’”—*Christ's Object Lessons,* p. 164.

QUESTIONS

1. For what purpose was this parable given? Luke 18:1.

NOTE.—“Pray without ceasing.” 1 Thess. 5:17; Rom. 12:12. This implies the following:

a. Being in the spirit of prayer, even when there is no opportunity to speak words of prayer.

b. Never failing, through carelessness, to keep stated times of prayer.

c. To continue asking for the things desired until the answer is obtained, or until we know God's will concerning it.

2. What was the character of the judge in the parable? Verse 2.

NOTE.—In ancient times, Israel had in all the gates of the cities, judges, who were under obligation to administer justice, without respect of persons. The same custom was continued in the days when Jesus was upon earth.

3. What did the widow seek? Verse 3.

NOTE.—“The idea is not so much ‘avenge me’ as ‘do me justice’ against mine adversary. Some powerful and wicked neighbor had taken away her land, her house, her cattle, and she called aloud to the judge to ‘right’ her. . . . It was not so much vengeance, or the punishment of her oppressor that she wanted as the restoration of her rights.”—*Badler.*

4. What was the decision of the judge for a time? Why did he at last grant her request? Verses 4, 5.

NOTE.—The setting chosen for this parable is a very strong one. God is not compared to the unjust judge, but contrasted with him. If this hardhearted, wicked judge, who cared only for himself, would grant the request of the widow because of her perseverance, how much more will God our Father, who is holy, and who is pleased with the importunity of His children, answer when they call upon Him. Again, the widow was probably a stranger to the judge, had no promises from him, and could have access to him only at stated times, and then against his will; while God's elect are His beloved children in whom He delights. They have many precious promises from Him, and are urgently requested to come to Him at all times.

5. What lesson did Jesus draw from this? Verses 6, 7.

NOTE.—“(1) Not because God is unwilling to bestow good things, or must be overpersuaded; for He is more ready to give than we are to ask. (2) It is to cher-

ish and cultivate our faith, bringing us into closer relations to God. (3) It is to make us fit to receive, to intensify our desire and appreciation of the things God would bestow.”—*Peloubet.*

6. How is the promise of justice emphasized? What question shows that there are but few who will be crying out to God when that time comes? Verse 8.

7. To whom did Jesus speak another parable? Verse 9.

8. What two men are mentioned in the parable? Where did both go? Verse 10.

NOTE.—Devout Jews went to the temple to pray, if they were near; if they were at a distance, they looked toward it when they prayed.

By the expression, “standing afar off,” is meant a distance from the temple. “The place where prayer was offered in the temple was the court of the women. The Pharisee advanced to the side of the court nearest to the temple, or near as he could; the publican stood on the other side of the same court if he was a Jew, or in the court of the Gentiles if he was a pagan, as far as possible from the temple, being conscious of his unworthiness to approach the sacred place where God had His holy habitation.”—*Barnes.*

9. How did the Pharisee pray? What did he say? Verses 11, 12.

NOTE.—This was not really a prayer in the sense of a petition or thanksgiving to God. Are we not all too apt to think that we are better than we are, and that others are worse than they are?

10. In what manner did the publican pray? What were the words of his prayer? Verse 13.

11. What are the results of these two prayers? With what general statement did Jesus close this parable? Verse 14.

NOTE.—Each man got what he wanted in answer to his prayer—the Pharisee the notice and praise of men, the publican the forgiveness of God.

12. For what purpose were little children brought to Jesus? How did His disciples try to hinder this? Verse 15.

13. What did Jesus say to the disciples? Verse 16.

14. With what simple faith must everyone receive the word of God? Verse 17.

Why

Why did the judge grant the widow's request?

Why does God hear the prayers of His people?

Why did the Pharisees pray? Why did the publican pray?

Why was one “justified rather than the other”?

Why did Jesus welcome the children?

If I shoot at the sun I may hit a star.—*P. T. Barnum.*

I ONLY regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.—*Nathan Hale.*

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THE LISTENING POST

★ **LIGHTNING** struck the Empire State Building in New York City at least twenty times between April and October last year. No damage resulted, since the building is well grounded.

★ **SWEDEN** has finally completed the Falsterbo Canal, started last year to provide a mine-free exit to the Kattegat. But war conditions have made the canal practically valueless for the present.

★ **GENERAL AVILA CAMACHO** was recently inaugurated as the new president of Mexico. Never perhaps in the history of Mexico has a leader taken over reins of power under such difficult national and international circumstances.

★ How much does a smallpox germ weigh? Dr. Thomas M. Rivers, of the Rockefeller Institute, says that it would take more than 5,300,000,000,000 of these minute viruses to weigh one ounce. Figure out the problem for yourself!

★ **AND** now we have "black light," which paradoxical name is given to rays or certain wave bands in the ultra-violet end of the spectrum. This is no new discovery, but wartime blackouts have brought a new use for it into prominence.

★ **PASSENGERS** boarding planes of the Chicago and Southern Air Lines are receiving something new and "different" in the way of a personal compliment—a 12-page company newspaper with a list of the passengers printed on the front page, together with the destination and business of each. This is applied by special process. The contents of the paper, which is a monthly, includes facts about the line, pictures, advertising, and information about the cities touched en route.

★ In 1898, forty-four years after Commodore Perry had opened Japan to the Occidental world, a twenty-one-year-old son of Nippon graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, and returned to his native country. During the World War he was sent back to the United States as naval attaché at Japan's embassy in Washington. There he came to know the youthful Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt. He also represented his country at Versailles and at the Washington Disarmament Conference in 1922. Recently announcement was made in Tokyo that Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura is returning to Washington in a new capacity—that of Japanese ambassador.

★ **SIXTY** per cent of the world's tin, 80 per cent of its raw silk, 30 per cent of its wool, pass through the Suez Canal. It cost \$150,000,000 to build this waterway. Few people realized at first that it was a veritable gold mine. Egypt's spendthrift ruler, the Khedive Ismail, was only too ready to part with his 176,000 shares in the canal when his debts became pressing. These Lord Beaconsfield, then premier of the British Empire, purchased for his country for \$20,000,000. Today Britain's holdings are worth more than ten times that sum. The total revenue of the canal in 1938 was close to \$50,000,000. Of this, 39 per cent went to cover administration costs. The remaining 61 per cent will be distributed among the shareholders—when the war is ended.

★ **THERE** recently appeared on the streets of New York a unique vehicle in the form of a bus, longer than usual and hinged just past its mid section. This new departure in surface transportation is designed for cities in which there is dense traffic. The two sections permit a shorter turn than is possible for a rigid bus. The new coach is forty-seven feet in over-all length, and seats fifty-eight passengers.

★ **TRADE-IN** sales practice is common in the automobile and electric-equipment fields, but is something new in the shoe business. The war is responsible for this change of merchandising method. The Cantilever Shoe Company of Montreal, Canada, is offering a \$1 allowance on old shoes traded in on new ones. The trade-ins are sent to England, where they are being offered to bomb refugees.

★ **DUPONT** is building a new nylon plant which will raise the aggregate production to 16,000,000 pounds a year. This is five times the total contemplated when the first plant was authorized in 1938. The new product is rapidly gaining favor as a substitute for silk.

★ **Dr. Winsor M. Tyler**, of the Smithsonian Institution, says that a hummingbird's wings beat seventy-five times a second in flying and fifty-five times a second when it is hovering. Its flight speed is nearly fifty miles an hour.

★ **THE** highest man-made temperature on record—18,000° F.—has been produced by Dr. Guy Suits while experimenting in the General Electric laboratories. This is nearly twice the calculated temperature of the sun.

★ **At** the Federal Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, D.C., 6,000 pounds of dextrine is used each day in the making of "stickum" for postage stamps. The gum is tasty and "lickable."

★ **THE** United States Government has the only plant in the world for the manufacture of helium. It has produced more than 100,000,000 cubic feet of helium in eleven years of operation.

★ **THERE** are 1,539 railroad tunnels in the United States, with an aggregate length of 320 miles.

★ **TROLLEY** cars hereafter are not only to be streamlined, but quieter and more comfortable. About 400 pounds of rubber in 1,009 rubber parts will bring about this result.

★ **ALTHOUGH** carbon makes up only .5 to 1.5 per cent of steel, it is by far the most important constituent, since it gives steel its qualities of hardness and of resistance to wear.

★ **A** SURVEY of current language-study preferences among the public-school students in the United States shows French holding first place in popularity. Spanish is second, and German is a fast-losing third.

★ **ALTHOUGH** lignin, next to cellulose the most abundant organic material produced annually by nature, has been recognized as a constituent of plant material for one hundred years, it is still impossible to give a chemical definition of it.

★ **It** has been reported that Utah produces more scientists in proportion to its population than any other State. Aside from Canada and Newfoundland, Russia is the birthplace of the greatest number of foreign-born American scientists.

★ **IN** the larger cities of the western parts of the United States housewives can now buy a new type of fireplace log in grocery or neighborhood stores, in service stations, or from the iceman. These neat, clean, cylindrical logs are pressed from sawdust and shavings salvaged from sawmills. One of these logs weighs eight pounds and is the equivalent in fuel value of an armload of ordinary wood.

★ **THE** people of New York City, rich and poor alike, are "giving life itself" for England in the form of blood for transfusions. This is processed into plasma, the vital liquid blood serum from which the red and white cells have been removed. It is thus easily transportable overseas, and the necessity of matching blood types, which must be done when whole blood is transfused, is obviated.

★ **THIS** is an age of education when to meet a ditch digger with a university degree is no rarity; so it should not surprise anyone to learn that there is a college at Kingston, New York, dedicated to the higher education of performing seals, a coeducational institution which is serious about its mission. It is conducted by a man named Mark Huling. The seal is coming back into its own these days, and in Mr. Huling's opinion this resurgence can be traced to the work of the institute at Kingston. The faculty consists of two members—Mr. Huling and his partner, Walter Gennier. They have at present a total of only eight students. That the work they do is successful can be proved by the fact that when the seal is first caught it will bring only \$100 to \$200 in the open market, whereas, with a Kingston diploma, it is worth up to \$5,000. Really, the pupils in this unique school are not seals at all. They are sea lions imported from California.



CHRIST asks for our best. He does not want the dregs of our strength, or the small change left in our purses, and no excuse can deceive Him."